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Call to Cork for Orders

Mrs. S. Robinson

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"CALL TO CORK FOR ORDERS."

To many a curious place I've been,
And all around its borders ;
But none surpasses what I say—
"Call to Cork for orders."

There you'll see sharks, and agents' clerks,
And newspaper reporters,
And many more around your ship;
"Call to Cork for orders."

With—"I'll thank you sir for your report,"
Your passage in good order,
Don't mind those fellows what they say,
"Come on shore—we have your orders."

Put out your boat and come on shore ;
Got your letters ; all was well,—
And next to see all the old friends,
At Robinson's hotel.

There we saw Yankees, Germans, Swedes,
And found them in good order,
And many more as well as them,
"Call to Cork for orders."

We saw the mistress and the boss,
Sure he is one of the b'hoys
Who makes the mortar, carries the hod,
And that with little noise.

Well now, I think that from Lafitte,
I'll take a glass of claret,
And then straight on to get my stores,
From the store of Mr. Barrett.

And every step I seem'd to take,
I met a lovely face,
For every one look'd smiling
In this wholesome, healthy place.

Such Limerick Lace—such splendid fruit,
Such Bog Oak and such beauty,
That really now, I must confess,
I nigh forgot my duty.

And such a splendid harbour,
Enclosed on all its sides,
That a man can go and have some fun,
For his ship in safety rides.

We then passed along the Beach,
To buy the girls some borders,
When a bushy whiskered fellow says—
"Sir, at Scott's, you'll find your orders."

We came to the office—the clerks were out ;
But saw some little boys ;
I said—"now what am I to do?"—
"Why come, sir, to Rob Roy's."

I know that you want some beef,
And that without much bone :
And if you don't like what you see,
Come to Stirling and Loane.

Well—really sir, it seems to me,
You take me for a spooney,
I told you at a single word,
I deal with Mr. Twomey.

But now, I really feel so tired,
I think I'll take a jarvey—
Sir, there is no office of that name—
Unless 'tis G. N. Harvey.

I crossed to Harvey's and sat me down ;
Was presented with a card—
It was from a very nice young man,
I think they call him Garde

Returning back along the Beach,
Began some songs and humming,
When a sturdy looking fellow says—
"Sir, did you try Mr. Cummings?"

He caught me firm and held my hand ;
I said—"Mind don't crush my borders"
Well, upon my life, but this is fun—
"Calling to Cork for orders."

Why, all I've heard this day to me
Seems quite a misdemeanour,
"Sir, I guess the office that you mean,
'Tis Mr. N. G. Seymour.

"Tis not the office that I mean—
Will you cease your talk and blowing—
"Tis Robinson I want to see,
To know about my towing."

Now Robinson I want a boat,
Those fellows to oppose ;
Which can you let me have my friend,
The "Shamrock" or the "Rose."

I will let you have a boat my friend,
That none can oppose,
Her towing powers, they will defy
The "Shamrock" or the "Rose"

She is a double-engined boat,
She will tow in any weather,
You must have seen or heard of her,
She is called the "F. MacIver."

Now I want a coat of Irish Freize,
That will keep out the cold,
And then a suit of Blarney Tweed,
I am told it is worth gold.

My crew want clothes, to come on shore,
Their old ones are all done,
Kindly give me the order,
And I'll give it to my son.

I am sure he'll try to please you,
And that with all his might,
And when the Cash, your sending him,
You then can make it right.

You know that life is very short,
And while we do stop here,
The way to make it long and strong
Is not to drink much beer.

Why I have seen so much and heard so much,
And had such various views,
That I think the best thing I can do
Is pay my harbour dues.

Now while I think about it,
I want paper changed to silver ;
That's quickly done, now just come up
To the store of Thomas Miller.

My head is aching from all I've heard ;
It's ringing like a bell—
Now I'll go and have a quiet sit
At Robinson's Hotel.

And while I do command a ship
That floats upon the waters,
I'm bound to pass all ports I meet
And "call to Cork for orders."

MRS. S. ROBINSON, Hotel, Queenstown.